

STICKERBOMB

a zine for the scene

MARCH 2021

SUPPORT

BIPOC ARTISTS

EVERY MONTH

EVERY YEAR

By

- Purchasing their music on Bandcamp Fridays (1st Friday every month)
- Buying their physical music & merch
- Following, interacting with, & sharing their content on social media
- Adding their music to playlists (& sharing those playlists with friends)
- Watching their livestreams & donating to them (via live shows)

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POETRY SECTION

Eira Mann

Portrait of the Earth

The Earth endures the pain of birth, and the agony of motherhood.
She becomes a spectacle, a miracle she's still around, in her children's later days.
And as her children grow they grow deadlier too,
they'll break and destroy her only in time.

The Earth raises her children within her,
They'll enjoy her warmth, her nourishment
Her children describe 'innocence' and 'serenity' in their poems and paintings
But Motherhood doesn't deal well with a traumatized woman

Damaged by the same children she raised
Not out of hatred for their mother, but out of arrogance of themselves
Dividing and stealing the grace of their mother,
Their children grew colder and distant
Sunken in misery and dreariness of the Earth they themselves created

The greatest woman ever to live, chained again by man.
As all women eventually are.

You, child, are no longer young
The Earth gives its children life, and one day she'll take it back.

Salem

Objects In Mirror Are Closer Than They Appear

There is a child in my mirror,
One day they will stop playing dress-up;
Stop believing what they're told;
Stop being so lonely;
And stop acting cold;
And the next day, they will start again.

Abusers Laughing At Jokes About Abusers

You always die in my reoccurring dream,
And while I walk away
I am the idol to my sleeping self,
There's a certain ringing sound
Every time I wake up,
I get this feeling
Whenever you leave the house,
That I'd have been okay
If I had stayed asleep forever



STICKERBOMB #ISSUE2

JesseXGomez



Mikey

m i g r a i n e

Grey light seeps in through the blinds, cutting razor-thin lines through the gloom. I lay on my side in a half-conscious stupor, mostly covered by a thrashed-around blanket which has wearily settled over my midsection after a long night's struggle to stay tucked in. All the lights are off, and the alarm clock is unplugged. It hasn't been touched in months, and dust has settled on its buttons in a thick layer. Next to my head is my phone, the black piece of glass and plastic reflecting a fragmented vision of my ceiling into my half-opened eyes, the alarms I set long since passed.

There's a broken cross in a box under my former roommate's former bed. The scorning pale face of the ivory Messiah gazes out of the cardboard cage accusingly. "Jesus Christ," I mutter flatly, as if to label him, and I roll away. My gaze is met with colors, large font, bright lights, tall people. They're muted by the overcast tones, but the grand designs still loom over my bedside, glaring down at me and waiting for me to move.

I roll over again, this time onto my stomach, and savor the total darkness of plunging my face | deep into my pillow. It's not the same darkness that was dappled with street light through the wee hours of my sleepless night. It's pure, and enveloping, and it wants me to come home. For a moment, I can picture another life; a big house, the smell of fresh coffee, a clean room, the weight of a partner ever so slightly pulling me into the middle of the bed. They have no face or features, but I can feel them kiss my cheek as they get out of bed.

No one can bury their face in the pillow forever, and I soon come up gasping for air in my dimly lit dorm. My desk is at my head, piled high with energy drink cans, emptied cups of ramen, books, and takeout boxes. A disturbingly large pile of clothes lurks like a monster under my bed. A record, scratched and beaten, sits on my player with deep grooves in it from my halfhearted attempts to go to sleep. Three dying cacti wilt on the windowsill, pining for sunlight and water in the shadow of the building's protruding foyer.

I sit up slowly, slip out of bed. My feet land in the clothes pile, and I step out of it hastily. I shuffle across the thin blue carpet and hunch over my messy countertop, mechanically brushing my teeth. I stare into the drain as I do, watching the water run down back into the pipes from which it came before spitting twice and turning the handle.

Slowly, I look into the dirty mirror and stare.

ALITTLE THING ABOUT DEATH

Lately, it seems like frequent mass death has been the status quo. Like if you're still alive, it's an accident. Like "only" one or two or ten people dying is just "better than yesterday." With so much death happening around us, it is essential that we recognize the fine line between expecting death and accepting it.

Salem 3/22/2021

As long as we live under capitalism, death is inevitable. This may sound obvious- of course death is inevitable, but what I'm talking about is avoidable death. Death that could quite easily be prevented.

Death by state violence; death by delayed or lack of medical treatment, or by unnecessary medical treatment (such as profitable prescriptions and operations); death by acts of terror; and death by illness as a result of poverty, homelessness, poor working conditions, poor carceral conditions, poor environmental conditions, or any other harmful atmosphere that capitalism creates...

These are just a few of the many prominent and preventable circumstances that so often take the lives of our fellow humans.

So yes- when we see the news that more people have died for any of these reasons, it is increasingly difficult to be surprised. But how do we move forward while not allowing ourselves to just accept this much death? Firstly, we must learn to truly value the lives of ourselves and our comrades around the world. To do this we must unlearn our internalized capitalist behaviors. Are the lives of our comrades not more valuable than any amount of capital?

To value life is not only to care that our hearts continue to beat, but it is also to fight for our autonomy with the actions, words, time, and resources that we have..

"To us, to liberate our country, to have dignity, to have respect, to have our mere human rights is something as essential as life itself." -Ghassan Kanafani

In response to these instances of tragedy, it is our instinct to do everything we can to raise awareness. But if we only talk about unjust death after it happens, what do we expect to accomplish?

Ideally- yes, widespread awareness would bring an end to pointless death. But as we have seen throughout history- and during these past several months- it typically does not. So how should we spend our energy? It is easy to feel like nothing we do will actually help, which makes it even easier to just stop paying attention to what's happening. If no one listens, why should we keep screaming? Why should we care?

we care because we cannot stop caring

What we can do is continue to resist capitalism and shield ourselves from its consequences. To put it somewhat grotesquely, we can resist death's grasp by loving each other with all of our strength. We must do this, even especially when death isn't the primary news story.

"The world is held together... by the love and the passion of a very few people. Otherwise, of course you can despair." -James Baldwin

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